

THE ACADEMY.
August 21, 1909

More about W. H. Smith & Son.

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1946

AUGUST 21, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Daily Mail* is in great trouble over a book "that will not sell." Here is the lament of Mr. Lloyd George's favourite organ over its misfortune:—

Some weeks ago we issued one of the most interesting books of the year, a sevenpenny volume, giving a faithful account of the domestic life and the organisation for business, peace, and war of Germany, under the title of "Our German Cousins."

Those who have read the book write to tell us how pleased they are with it, how much they have learned, and how cheap it is. In Germany the book has received immense attention. It has been reviewed by almost every leading newspaper, not always appreciatively, but often quite favourably.

Can anyone explain to us why it is that the *Daily Mail* has only sold 32,000 copies of this volume?

The *Daily Mail* novels, a remarkably interesting series of fiction, can hardly be considered of such importance to England as is this vivid account of our greatest rival. Yet we have sold in some cases hundreds of thousands of copies of a single novel, the total sale of the series having already exceeded four millions.

Is there anything wrong with the book? We think not. It has been reviewed by hundreds of critics, and almost invariably favourably. . . .

The problem is one that we leave the public to solve. The *Daily Mail* issued the book as a matter of duty; its size alone precludes any great profit. But the fact remains that the book has not sold. Why?

Could anything be more pathetic? Here is England's only organ of light leading and duty publishing a work which has been reviewed in Germany "often quite favourably," and a work which is of such bulk that "any great profit" is precluded—though of the many a mickle which makes a muckle the *Daily Mail* says nothing—and yet the British public will not rise to the occasion. The *Daily Mail*, poor dear, cannot understand why, particularly as it has sold "millions of sevenpenny novels." We suppose, therefore, that out of common

charity we must come to our contemporary's relief once again, and explain to it that the reason why it cannot sell its German book is precisely the reason which renders it impossible for the *Daily Mail* to make a profit out of experiments in the sale of reprints of English classics. No lover of poetry could put up with, say, a copy of Keats plastered all over with the name of Harmsworth, even in the stress of poverty. It is not a name which serious, and least of all cultivated, people favour. The Harmsworth Classics—Phæbus, what a title!—have been relegated to the bargain sale counter and the tuppenny box, not because the English people are indifferent to cheap reprints, but because they keep a saving sense of the fitness of things still in their innermost bosom. And even so, a book about Germany which professes to be a serious book is not likely to be taken seriously if it is sicklied o'er with the *Daily Mail* imprimatur. Fiction—which it seems the *Daily Mail* can sell—is entirely another affair, and the *Daily Mail* must not make the mistake of supposing that the fiction it sells is quite the same thing as literature.

We offer our congratulations on his marriage to Mr. William Watson, the poet. According to the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Watson has married "a beautiful Irish girl," and "thus confirms the great attraction that Ireland has always possessed for him," which latter sentence no doubt means absolutely nothing at all. However, what pleases us hugely is the announcement that "before leaving London, Mr. Watson deposited with his publisher the MS. of a new volume of poems (the most important he has written for years) which will appear in the early autumn." Dare we hope that these poems are of a non-political nature, and have more to do with the tender passion than with carpet-bagging? We may note that Mr. Watson is now fifty-one years of age, and we take it for granted that for poets fifty-one is the right age to marry.

The state of authorship has never been ideal. Whenever one examines it closely one is confronted always with unedifying details. And so far from present tendencies lying in the direction of improvement, they lie in an entirely opposite direction. The *British Weekly*, of all journals in the world, has just called attention to what it describes as the "sad fortunes" of George Brandes. Here is our contemporary:

George Brandes, the Danish critic, is, in the opinion of all competent judges, a most brilliant and suggestive writer, and there are many who regard him as an intellectual giant. His "Life of Shakespeare" and his book on the Romantic Movement are well known. But, unfortunately, he is disappointed. He spends his days in contemptuous aloofness from the world. "I am famous," he said, "but that is of no avail if nobody reads me. My publishers never sell more than forty copies of my books."

"Impossible!" I cried. "They must cheat you."

"No. I have many publishers, and they can't all be crooked. Why, of the British edition of my memoirs only two copies were actually sold. They haven't even issued the second volume. And I don't ask them. I am too proud."

"How could you have made your reputation, if the sales of your books are so circumscribed?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"But they read your essays in magazines. I have heard it said that they pay you fabulous prices."

A sad smile flickered across the Jovian visage. "When the twentieth century was about to be ushered in, a prosperous German newspaper wrote to me that they had planned to publish a full-page review of the nineteenth century by a poet, a philosopher, and a scholar, and that I was their man because I combined in my person the qualities of the three. I don't care to write for newspapers. It detracts from my vitality and distracts me from my real pursuits. But as the chance for such an article occurs only once in a hundred years, and I didn't expect to live through another century, I agreed to undertake the task for a remuneration of 500 crowns. They replied regretting that they had written to me, and that in view of my unreasonable demands they would be compelled to enlist the service of less expensive pens."

"But surely American magazines pay you well?"

"They write to me occasionally for contributions and ask me to name my own price. I don't care to do that sort of thing for less than 500 crowns. And they usually send me one-half of what I demand."

"That is almost incredible."

"I am old. The public is used to my name. They want new people. Younger writers. And I don't blame them."

I wonder if Homer or Goethe would have observed with such colossal indifference the rising of new suns on the literary horizon. And if the Yellow Press would have put them on half-pay.

"Why," Brandes continued, and his eyes swept across an immense row of books, reaching from one end of the room to the other, "all my books published in the English language earn for me less than \$50 per annum."

Fifty dollars! Was such the interest paid by us on the greatest outlay of intellectual capital the world has known since the days of Voltaire!

All of which is pretty terrible. We do not quite understand why the *British Weekly* writes about dollars, but assuming that American dollars are meant, Brandes' income from his books as published in England amounts to about ten pounds per annum. The marvel is that English publishers should be found who can make it worth their while to publish books which bring to the author such a paltry return. Of course, Brandes could make money out of this country if he so desired. "A novel of passion," or an intimate account of the painted beauties of the Danish Court, that is to say, if there have ever been any painted beauties at the Danish Court, would be snapped up at once by one or other of our enterprising English houses, if Brandes would only have the sense to produce the work. Foolish and vain fellow that he is, he prefers to do his best in the field of strict literature, and consequently he must put up with "sad fortunes." The publishers of this country have the profoundest contempt for literature and literary men, and when one comes to reflect that Brandes is a foreign author, and has no particular *flair* for the sex problem, it is wonderful that he can collect even so much as ten pounds per year out of our publishing houses.

The *Daily Telegraph's* reports of the proceedings before the Joint Parliamentary Committee upon the Censorship of Stage Plays are very extensive and very thorough, and

they also have the advantage of being amusing. For example, we may take the following trifling passage:

Mr. W. L. Courtney was first called.

You have been for some years a writer on dramatic subjects? the Chairman asked.

Witness replied in the affirmative.

Of course, it would have been impossible for the *Daily Telegraph* to have stated that such an important witness as Mr. Courtney said "Yes." Mr. Courtney's evidence was naturally all on the side of such angels as Mr. George Bernard Shaw and Mr. Thomas Hardy. On one point we shall venture to challenge Mr. Courtney. He is reported by his own paper to have said that the Censor "has refused several things which from a high literary point of view ought to have been passed." We will trouble Mr. Courtney to give us the names of the several things which from "a high literary point of view ought to have been passed," and were not passed by the Censor. Mr. Courtney did not mention any name to the committee, and the committee does not appear to have thought it worth while to inquire too deeply into Mr. Courtney's assertion. Probably what Mr. Courtney really meant was his own "*Œdipus Rex*," the high literary importance of which would go without saying. Mr. Courtney further treated the committee to an interesting account of the intellectual attainments and finished critical parts of the body of persons who occupy the two front rows of the pit and the last row of the stalls. This was very pretty of Mr. Courtney. But anybody who knows the inside of the average London theatre knows that the back row of the stalls is usually occupied by "deadheads," and that the front rows of the pit are usually occupied by over-dressed suburban women who have paid sixpence extra to get in at the early doors. If Mr. Courtney had wished to inform the committee as to the precise position of the critical faculty of the town, he would have stated it to be in the first two rows of stalls during some portion of the performance and up a winding stair (at the top of which whisky is sold) during other portions of the performance.

Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that on the side of what Mr. Whelan, late of Bookshops, Ltd., would doubtless call "reaction," we have Sir Herbert Tree and Sir W. S. Gilbert, both of whom are far more vitally and permanently interested in the stage than the whole of your notoriety hunters and little playwrights are ever likely to be. Sir Herbert Tree insists that a Censor is necessary, and so does Sir W. S. Gilbert. Sir Herbert Tree went the length of indicating that, Censor or no Censor, he would not have allowed certain pieces which occurred in "*The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet*" to have been spoken, and Sir W. S. Gilbert said flatly what is quite obvious, namely, that "the stage of a theatre is not a proper pulpit from which to disseminate doctrines of anarchism, socialism, and agnosticism, and not the proper platform upon which to discuss questions of adultery and free love before a mixed audience."

Both Sir Herbert Tree and Sir W. S. Gilbert have suffered at the hands of the Censor. Sir Herbert for his part was about to produce "*The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet*," and would have produced it, or at any rate a revised version of it, if the Censor and George Bernard Shaw could have agreed. Sir W. S. Gilbert for his part has suffered serious loss through the fact that

his musical play or light opera "The Mikado," which is a classic in its way, has been suppressed by the Lord Chamberlain on the ground that the continued performance of it in English theatres might be considered in the nature of a slight by our allies the Japanese. Sir W. S. Gilbert at any rate might be excused if he were to be full of anger against the Lord Chamberlain, yet like Sir Herbert Tree he is one of those old-fashioned Englishmen who place their own private interests in a secondary position to the public interest. Sir Herbert Tree knows that the Censor is necessary, and Sir W. S. Gilbert knows that the Censor is necessary, and neither of them is disposed to deny the fact in order that their own private interests may be served, which is greatly to their credit. Quite apart from the Censor, neither of them has at any time produced or attempted to produce on the stage work which would be considered objectionable, or against the public morals. We suppose that Sir Herbert Tree in his day must have been offered scores of plays out of which he might have made money in large sums if he had cared to sink the high ideals which for weal or woe he has always maintained; while as for Sir W. S. Gilbert, we will undertake to say for him that if he chose to try his hand at a risky libretto he could offer something which for wit and point and smartness would far exceed anything that George Bernard Shaw is ever likely to excogitate. But neither Tree nor Gilbert is disposed to touch pitch even for money. They recognise that art should not give offence, and they are prepared to sink or swim on their own honest gifts, and to leave intellectual bawding to the brainless.

Of course, ultimately there must always be a Censor of some sort. One of the finest arguments that could be offered in favour of the Censorship lies in the fact that the most ardent of its opponents will be found really to be Censors themselves. Each of them draws the line somewhere, and each of them draws the line at a different point. Only a little while ago we were treated to the spectacle of a member of a society designed to defeat the Censor resigning because another member was producing a play which appeared to "go rather too far." It would be ever thus. The public has a right to demand that it shall be protected against the witlings who substitute blasphemy for wit and obstetrics for sentiment. The Censorship serves us in this particular office. It may have passed risky and dubious plays, though we doubt if it ever has so far committed itself. In any case, there is all the difference in the world between a dramatic treatment of the facts of life and a flat discussion of the improprieties. The Censorship does not exist for the purpose of insisting upon morals, but for the purpose of suppressing what is grossly and obviously indecent, improper and objectionable.

It may seem unreasonable that the duty of deciding in such matters should devolve upon the shoulders of one man, and for our own part we see no objection in the world to the establishment of a sort of dramatic court of appeal, which should have power to survey, and if needs be, to set aside the Censor's decision. But in point of fact such a court of appeal would be a mere superfluity, inasmuch as any man of common sense and honest intention can always decide without difficulty on points in which liberty and licence are involved.

BEAUTY

From the French of Joachim du Bellay.

If all our life holds but a day-long date
In the Eternal, if the circling year
Lead on our days, never to reappear,
If so inconstant is our mortal state,
How thinkest thou, my soul within the gate,
Why dost thou love this day of darkness here,
When to the height of a more glorious sphere
Thou hast full-feathered wings, and adequate?

There is the good that every soul desires,
There the repose to which the world aspires,
There Love is, and there Pleasure; there, O best,
There, O my soul, led on to the last height
Of Heaven, thou shalt have cognizance and sight
Of Beauty that on earth thou worshippest.

THE ROCK OF THE SIRENS

*"Comme un bétail pensif sur le sable couchées
Elles tournent les yeux vers l'infini des mers."*

Barren the rock as isles of peaked cloud,
Barren and dry, a pasture-land for goats,
Yet on its salty shelves and summits floats
A murmur of unimaginable things
Floating, as floats the island's shadow bowed
Beyond the girdle of its foamy rings.

On the moist haven of the curving strand
The Sirens lie in ample calm; nor heed
More than the autumn's parcel of white seed
Blown down the cliff-heads grey and granite passes
Into the creases of the sea and sand,
The silver bones among the short salt grasses.

They are not fair; no lustre as of fire
Streams from their shoulders, as the Nereids';
Like dune-fed cattle, with untroubled lids,
Couching beside the waste immensity,
They view, as unaware, without desire,
The radiant ship dip in the radiant sea.

M. J.

OURSELVES AND W. H. SMITH

THE joustings and tiltings and rough and tumbles, or what you will, proceed apace. The people in the gallery may or may not be getting their money's worth. As we pointed out last week, some of them have taken the trouble to complain bitterly. On the other hand, we are not without gratified supporters. To clear the ground, however, it is necessary for us to say that we are not engaged in an attempt to destroy or even to embarrass or harass Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son. What we really desire to do is to help them rather than to hurt or injure them. Those of our kind correspondents who are disposed to regard Messrs. Smith in the light of a bull or a bear which is being baited for the public entertainment, and ourselves as the baiters, have an entirely mistaken view of the situation. They must not expect to see Messrs. W. H. Smith close the doors of their magnificent Strand house, or lose their contracts with the railway companies, or otherwise succumb in consequence of our bold attacks. People who expect such an exhibition for threepence are clearly of a greedy disposition, and they must not complain if the show does not quite come up to their expectations. We have

never billed ourselves to destroy Smith's. All we have set out to do is to reprove them, and as far as in us lies to convince them of the error of their ways; and to this task we shall continue to apply such forces and engines as may be at our command. In last week's issue of this paper we printed an article whereby hangs a tale. The article in question bore reference to Baron Northcliffe, and his position in English journalism. The article was written by us, and put into type by Messrs. W. H. Smith as far back as December last. We passed the proofs on the usual publishing day, and went to press with the paper. Before copies were struck off, however, we were informed by Messrs. Smith that they would not print the article. When we inquired the reasons for their refusal, we were told that the article was libellous. On reference being made to Messrs. Smith's own solicitors, and Messrs. Smith's own counsel, the article was passed, and once more *THE ACADEMY* was supposed to go to press. In spite of the assurances of Messrs. Smith's manager that there would be no further trouble, we were informed later in the day that Mr. Awdrey, one of the partners, had sent instructions that the article was not to be printed. We saw Mr. Awdrey, who asserted that the article was "or might be" libellous, but failed to point out a single libellous passage or word. He was informed that the proofs had been passed by counsel, and we made it plain to him that in refusing to print he was committing a grave breach of the contract between ourselves and his firm. Ultimately he stated that he did not care twopence whether the article was libellous or not, and that he would not print it because it was "in bad taste." To our suggestion that the taste is, after all, a question for editors and not for printers, he replied merely with the usual printer's answer to the effect that the printing machines were his, and not ours, and that he would not print. As we have already stated, the article in question appeared in *THE ACADEMY* of last week, under the title of "The Maximum of Capacity." We did not hear a single word against it from our present printers, nor has Baron Northcliffe taken the slightest objection to it. It was clearly an article written in the public interest, and though it may be severe criticism, it is nevertheless honest criticism, and we are assured by our lawyers that Messrs. Smith's lawyers and Messrs. Smith's counsel were right when they passed it for publication.

Now the question arises, What reason had Messrs. Smith for refusing to print this article? The reasons they gave us were that the article "might" be libellous, but that in any case it was "in bad taste." With regard to the first of these reasons we assert that it was effectually disposed of and cleared away by the opinion of Messrs. Smith's own legal advisers, and of *THE ACADEMY*'s legal advisers, all of whom agreed that the article was not libellous. With regard to the second reason, we assert that Messrs. Smith have no right in the world to set themselves up as judges of taste, and that if they do wish to arrogate to themselves such a position, they should set forward the fact in their printing contracts, and that they should go further and avow themselves to be general censors of what they print at their printing works, and particularly of what they sell

at their bookstalls. This they have never done, nor are they in any position to do it; consequently reason number two falls equally to the ground. If we wish to discover the truth of the matter we must look deeper. There can be no getting away from the fact that for the past few years at any rate a very large section of the business transacted at Messrs. Smith's bookstalls and newspaper shops has consisted of traffic in the Harmsworth publications. If Lord Northcliffe were to quarrel with Messrs. Smith to-morrow and were to decline to supply them further with the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Evening News*, *Answers*, and the hundred and one other periodicals issued from the Harmsworth presses, Messrs. Smith would suffer in their only soft place, namely, the pocket, to an extent which would be most unpleasant. We know nothing of the precise figures, but it is pretty certain that Harmsworth's account with Messrs. W. H. Smith must run into several thousands of pounds per week. *THE ACADEMY*'s account with Messrs. Smith did not, of course, run into quite so many thousands—and there you have the whole matter in a nutshell. Our experience of Messrs. Smith as printers has been that they have never shirked or objected to severe criticism, so long as that criticism had nothing to do with Messrs. Smith's chief customer—namely the Harmsworths. During the time that *THE ACADEMY* was printed at Messrs. Smith's works we found it necessary to deal very straightly with all manner of persons, ranging from the Prime Minister downwards. We said our say in direct terms and in the plainest and least equivocal language. We buttered no parsnips, and we beat about no bushes, and until the turn of the Harmsworths came round, Messrs. Smith never made a murmur, or uttered the smallest protest. But so soon as we ventured to bring out a rod for "The Maximum of Capacity," as represented by Baron Northcliffe, so soon did Messrs. Smith become restive and fearful and faint-hearted, and determined not to print, and so soon did they attempt to muzzle, and for a time succeeded in muzzling, a straightforward and honest journal. We claim that Messrs. Smith's action in this matter was altogether improper, and that they used their powers against the public interest, and in order to bolster up and protect their large customer. People who walk to and fro in the world imagining that the Press is free may glean from what we have stated that the Press is not by any means so free as might appear. In the present condition of the law the printer is virtually the editor of the journals he prints, and, broadly speaking, that is why abuses flourish and scandals of the biggest sort remain hidden away. Of course, there are journals in London which profess to be entirely independent, and to say their honest say about everybody without let or hindrance from either printers or anybody else, but it will be found on inquiry that these journals are largely concerned in administering stripes to petty offenders against the public weal, and that they seldom or never lift their voices against persons or institutions which are supposed to be powerful. *THE ACADEMY* happens to be run on different lines. No other English journal has properly tackled the Harmsworths, and no other English journal has properly tackled

W. H. Smith and Son. With the results to ourselves we are not at the moment concerned, but we would say here and now that we have not fought a losing fight, and that whether we win or lose we propose to pursue our duty to the public to the end.

Out of our difference with Messrs. Smith with regard to the Harmsworth article another, and in a sense quite as interesting a difference, has arisen. Because Messrs. Smith refused to print an article which they had no excuse for refusing to print, we issued a writ against them for breach of contract and damages, and we refused to pay their printing account. After we had issued our writ Messrs. Smith issued a writ upon us for the amount of their account, and they obtained judgment for that amount. In spite of the fact that, in addition to the action for breach of contract, we have a further action against them for libel upon Lord Alfred Douglas, the editor of this paper, they proceeded to take advantage of their judgment, and they put a couple of broker's men into these very pleasantly situated offices. Our readers will be glad to learn that we made pretty speedy hay of the broker's men, and that for some weeks thereafter Messrs. Smith thought it advisable to leave us in our native peace. Certain other events arose the which, however, we are precluded from discussing, but to cut a long story short, Messrs. Smith have lately proceeded so far with their judgment as to endeavour to obtain a winding-up order against the company which owns THE ACADEMY. In this beautiful effort, as in all their other moves, they have been properly balked, and they are once more left in the position of the gentleman who, having fallen out of a balloon into the North Sea or German Ocean, inquired wittily: "What are we going to do now?" Echo may well answer, "What!" It is obvious that if Messrs. Smith had succeeded in their design there would have been an end to our Harmsworth campaign, there would have been an end to our campaign against improper literature, and there would have been an end to our campaign against Messrs. Smith themselves. Furthermore, there would have been an end to at least one of our actions against Messrs. Smith. As it is, none of these things will end yet awhile, and Awdry, Hornby, Smart, Tietjens, Smith and Co. must needs go wearily on with the encounter. They are said to possess several millions of money; while THE ACADEMY, for its part, possesses under a million. We wonder which will win. Meanwhile let us say to our friends, who appear numerically to be very strong, that if they wish to help us, as they say they do, they might endeavour to help us in a practical way. We have taken the paper away from Smith's stalls, and though we are informed that Smith's are still supplying copies, they certainly do not obtain those copies from us, inasmuch as we decline, and shall always decline, to supply them. The circulation of the paper has moved up very considerably since we left Smith's, and it would move up even more rapidly if the newsagents who are with us in this battle will see to it that the paper is properly pushed. We believe that monopoly and the muzzle ought to be brought to a sense of their position, and that the newspaper business generally will be sure to reap substantial benefits as the result of our action.

WILLIAM BARNES

It is true of even those readers who desire to be something more than well acquainted with English literature of the last hundred years that what excellent books many of them have left unread are numerous enough to form a small and charming library. This library does not consist of rare books alone, but in part of volumes that are kept from becoming favourites by no other reason than ignorance of their beauties of sense and decoration. It may be true that nothing of the most commanding value has escaped notice, for the searchers with vision as keen as the kestrel's take care to point out to those with duller eyes what is magically work. But it is also true that some precious stuff has been tossed into a lumber-room, there to wait for the inevitable recovery of affectionate regard, while being forced, by the very persons anxious for treasure, not to use a fine activity for the gladdening of the brain and the flowering of the heart. It is strange to think of moth-eaten masterpieces. There appears to be a world-wide contradiction between the adjective and the noun. It seems incredible that what is, beyond dispute, work both knightly and compelling, should at any time in history fail to stand as an intellectual beacon; and yet how often has greatness been treated as if it were littleness! If this can sometimes be the undeserved punishment of immortal verse or prose, it lies in the order of things that books not of supreme rank, though well found in such powers and graces as ought to suffice to keep their memory green, should suffer times of eclipse. It is possible for us to be discontented in some measure by masterpieces, even while we admit them to be nobles of the pen. In one the sledgehammer may be too noisy; in another a needle may be used instead of a rapier; in yet another the persons presented may have one foot in reality and one in unreality. But what is mighty can afford to bear a small, or even a large, degree of distaste. Be its angles and curves what the master has decreed, the monument is convincing as a monument, and must be honoured, to the exclusion of disturbing details, for its splendid mass. It is justice to examine with the extreme of care; it is crime to encourage the moth. As with the authentic Olympians, so should it be with the demi-gods. It is because I have watched the spiders of neglect spinning webs over the work of a poet to whose pages I often turn for delight that I have written this article, not without hope of sending a few readers to look where I have looked for truth and simplicity set to music in a manner fine enough to keep the singer alive, if only in a part of England, just as long as the love for a beautiful mating of ideas and words shall endure. Enters William Barnes, with his bundle of poems written in the Dorset dialect. In other words, enters an unappreciated genius.

I cannot now remember by what bright stroke of fortune I came to be possessed of *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*. Luck was in the zenith. It would be impossible for me to tell on paper all the good colours, the gentle and simple gospels, the heart-reaching appeals, that have stood firm as parts of my literary treasures ever since the hour when I became acquainted with this singer. William Barnes underlined, so to speak, my born love of green provinces; he laid an emphasis upon my inclination to search for the spirit of the countryside—the spirit that always seems to promise visions to him who will but turn some leafy corner. A homelier poet than Herrick was to serve as the companion of my walks, and I went along Warwickshire lanes with the Dorset dialect on my lips.

I have caused to be printed in full "The Woodlands," not because I rank it as the best to be found in the three hundred and twenty-five poems in this collection, but because it contains, together with charm of words and melody, an emotional magnet strong enough, so it seems to me, to pull readers towards this West Country poet.

THE WOODLANDS.

O spread ageän your leaves an' flow'rs,
Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Here underneath the dewy show'rs
O' warm-air'd spring-time, sunny woodlands!
As when, in drong or open ground,
Wi' happy bwoyish heart I vound
The twitt'rèn birds a-buildèn round
Your high-bough'd hedges, zunny woodlands!

You gie'd me life, you gie'd me jäy,
Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
You gie'd me health, as in my pläy
I rambled through ye, zunny woodlands!
You gie'd me freedom, vor to rove
In airy meäd or sheädý grove;
You gie'd me smilèn Fanney's love,
The best ov all o't, zunny woodlands!

My vu'st shrill skylark whiver'd high,
Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
To zing below your deep-blue sky
An' white spring-clouds, O zunny woodlands!
An' boughs o' trees that woonce stood here,
Wer glossy green the happy year
That gie'd me woone I lov'd so dear,
An' now ha' lost, O zunny woodlands!

let me rove ageän unspied,
Lwonesome woodlands! zunny woodlands!
Along your green-bough'd hedges' zide,
As when I rambled, zunny woodlands!
An' where the missèn trees woonce stood,
Or tongues woonce rung among the wood,
My memory shall meäke 'em good,
Though you've a-lost 'em, zunny woodlands!

I have often wondered why it was that Herrick, with a delightful Doric waiting close at hand to be immortalised, did not use for a part of his work the dialect of the peasantry. It is known that he carried in his breast a metropolitan heart, never finding the true star of home in a Devonshire parsonage, but, in despite of this misfortune, it is not easy to understand why a poet could fail to be forced by the native comeliness of the folk-speech into employing at least some of his leisure in dressing his genius in corduroy, if the phrase may pass muster. Perhaps his foppish ear could not away with some of the heavy and drawling combinations in the dialect, with which he must have been acquainted, for we can readily grant that in this tongue of Dorset there is but a little of the song-thrush to a great deal of the bittern. Daffodils could not dance their best in it; Clarinda had to bounce rather than trip. So much may at once be acknowledged; but that Herrick missed a chance there is the work of William Barnes to prove. Though the written word does not always reveal the character of the

poet, it is difficult to read Robert Herrick and William Barnes without feeling that the former loved poetry more than he loved his flock, and that the latter succeeded so well in homely song because he was at heart a shepherd for the souls trusted to his keeping. He heard in the lives of his folk that melancholy booming sound—that quality of the bittern, he heard it in their toilsome days just as he heard it in their speech, and he knew that the song-thrush was not the fitting bird to be figured in their plain heraldry. Learning this, he learned how to keep in tune with the genius of Dorsetshire, showing an adaptability that, within its range, has never been excelled. In one set of verses the poet is a genuine ploughboy—not half a ploughboy and half a singing parson; in another he is a downright hedger and ditcher; in another he seems to change his sex and to become both in body and mind petticoated. Burns is but a very little closer to the soil. There is no need for a biographer to tell us that William Barnes looked among the peasantry for virtues to praise, and misbehaviours to correct, with the loving care with which he turned the leaves of his Bible. His book speaks for him. It is a testimonial not to be gainsaid, for none but a close friend of his parishioners and neighbours could have made their farmsteads, cottages, and games sound and shine and live in verse. His cloth and his refinements kept him from exhibiting in song a rusticity as large as that shown by Robert Burns. There are no high jinks in the public-house; there is no coarseness in telling the histories of love too hasty; no Doric that has broken all suitable bounds. But there are shadows of the worst sides of life among the peasants—dark shadows, that, by being shadows, seem to have an appeal almost more touching than would have been the case had the substance been shown nakedly to us, dreadfully defined in sin. Had the poet been careful to hide wrongdoing, but anxious to twist out of their due proportion the virtues of the Dorset folk, then he would have blundered in his art. But neither the dark nor the bright is unfairly presented. This restraint of praise and blame goes well with the undertone of melancholy in the speech and daily life of the peasants, among whom Nature directed the extremes of birth and death, while they themselves were passive philosophers of the rudimentary sort. What must be must.

As well as being a book laden with humdrum, tragic, and comic happenings in the midst of a forbearing folk, *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect* is an unintentional autobiography of William Barnes, in which he displays himself almost as clearly as he displays the dwellers in the cottages. I do not know a book of verse that is so just a mirror of the people of the landscape chosen for a stage. The time will come when this volume will have a significance other than that of poetry, for the peasants are quickly growing away from the superstitions and simplicities that helped to endear them to the man by whom they have been lifted high into English poetry.

All definitions of poetry leave something to be desired. William Barnes resembles Horace in failing to be measured by Milton's test. We look in vain among his poems for passion. If this be a fault, it does not stand alone, as I think I could prove were more space at my disposal. What is of greater moment than the counting of blemishes is the fact that a lovely book has fallen into unmerited neglect, partly because so many readers are too lazy to learn by heart the glossary printed at the end of the volume. I wonder whether the following lullaby can persuade them

to trespass no more against a singer who, by right of work, tenderly felt and beautifully delivered, deserves the affection of a multitude of readers.

LULLABY.

The rook's nest do rock on the tree-top
Where vew foes can stand;
The martin's is high, an' is deep
In the steep cliff o' zand.
But thou, love, a-sleepèn where vootsteps
Mid come to thy bed,
Hast father an' mother to watch thee
An' shelter thy head.

Lullaby, Lilybrow. Lie asleep;
Blest be thy rest.

An' zome birds do keep under ruffèn
Their young vrom the storm,
An' zome wi' nest-hoodèns o' moss
And o' wool, do lie warm.
An' we wull look well to the houseruf
That o'er thee mid leäk,
An' the blast that mid beät on thy winder
Shall not smite thy cheäke.

Lullaby, Lilybrow. Lie asleep;
Blest be thy rest.

Speaking for myself, I owe to William Barnes a debt too large for me to pay in full. I have taught a few friends to warm themselves at his genial fire; and I look upon each convert as an instalment of my debt.

N. G.

BOTTICELLI AND PIERRE LOTI

Across the chasm of centuries a strange bond of sympathy unites the Pre-Raphaelite artist and the modern French "romancier"—the sorrowful sensitive soul which Botticelli reveals to us through the medium of brush and colour is startlingly akin in sentiment to that which inspires Pierre Loti's writings. Both artists have the same message to convey to us, and each serves as complement to the other, or, one should rather say, that the thoughts which in Botticelli's weird canvases are somewhat dimly shadowed forth, Loti elucidates and explains in that melodious prose of his which in its cadenced flow, soothes us like the plaintive murmur of the sea. Though separated by the eventful period of the great "renaissance," with its doctrines of the "Joy of Life" and "Pride of Man," painter and writer alike, in viewing the world see only its intense sadness. This sentiment may be called the fundamental chord of their compositions, and though on it they have created many variations, the primary harmony underlies all and gives a wonderful continuity to their work. When we pass Botticelli's frescoes in review or consider Pierre Loti's "œuvre" as a whole, we are never jarred by the shock of conflicting ideas; on the contrary, the mind glides easily from one to the other, feeling that they are all but different phases of the same thought. But as sometimes in music there is struck a chord too exquisitely acute for mortal ears, so these artists, in their symphonies on the sorrows of humanity, touch now and again a note too highly pitched, and the tender melancholy our heart has been enjoying turns to absolute pain. The inexorable way in which units are sacrificed in order to preserve the

harmony of the whole appals us at times, and, even at the risk of discord, we would fain have some of Loti's creations escape the general destruction, and we would wish to suppress the sad note which Botticelli makes even the tiny flowerets add to the plaint of the world's woe. So penetrated by this strain of hopeless sadness are Loti's writings that we find it even in those pages where, in glowing words, he describes the splendours of the East—radiant though the summer sun be, we feel the air heavy with approaching storm, and, to our fancy, there hangs already over the gorgeous flowers a faint odour of decay. With exquisite delicacy Loti has depicted for us the hour—which, like the blooming of the aloe-tree, comes but once in the life of man—when love dawns in youthful hearts and of its glamour rosy hopes are born. Yet, while showing the absolute confidence, the "innamorati" have in the durability of their earthly paradise, the writer, with relentless force, makes us painfully conscious that they are but poor puppets dancing at the will of a malignant influence by which they will presently be whirled into oblivion. After a beautiful passage in "Ramuntcho," Loti thus rings a death-knell on "love's young dream"—
"Oh! Qui dira pourquoi il y a sur terre des soirs de printemps et de si jolies yeux à regarder, et des sourires de jeunes filles, et des bouffées de parfums que les jardins vous envoient quand les nuits d'avril tombent, et tout cet enjôlement délicieux de la vie puis c'est pour abouter ironiquement aux séparations, aux décrépitudes et à la mort!"

The gospel he teaches is that on earth all is delusion—neither for the good or bad is there any hope, and if for a moment life is gay, and there is warmth in the summer sun, it is only to enhance the coming disappointment and to make the winter cold greater felt. In Loti's pages all, sooner or later, tread their "Via Crucis," and the writer sometimes makes us accompany them on to the bitter end until the awful moment comes when a too-heavily laden heart breaks under its burthen. Such a passage is that in "Pêcheur d'Island" when Gran'mère Yvonne, whom we had seen so valiantly bearing her cross, succumbs at last when she hears that Sylvestre, the only one of all her once numerous sons and grandsons that the sea had spared her, had been killed in a small skirmish in the far East. So too in "Matelot," when Jean's mother—who during weary years has lived on the expectation of this day—comes out arrayed in all her finery and full of joy to meet the boat which is to bring her boy back to roam no more, only to learn that her son's dead body had been thrown into the ocean a month previously.

The same universal sorrow hangs like a veil over all Botticelli's pictures. For instance, take his "Spring"—surely if Nature is ever gladsome it is when, after her winter's sleep, she awakes refreshed, when the earth is carpeted with fair flowers, when the sky is a delicate blue, and the air is full of a buoyancy that sends our pulses beating with a sense of redoubled life. In Botticelli's composition, however, a grey mist seems to hide the delicious freshness of Nature's revival, and the figures are full of a strange langour as though already weary of their brief existence, the gaily decked Flora being the saddest of all, for the artist makes us feel that her smile is forced, her mirth bravado, and that a heavy heart beats under all her gay attire. Then, in his "Birth of Venus," what a chill there is in the summer-dawn! How sad the murmur of the colourless water seems as it flows slowly towards us! What melancholy pervades the air, and, this is truly typical, the roses that the breezes are blowing to Aphrodite's feet, wither ere they fall. And Venus—the Goddess of Love—herself! Is it not almost horror we see in her eyes as she seems to look forth into the future ages of the world and realise all the misery she is to bring to poor humanity? Can we not imagine that her parted lips murmur warningly:—"All love must end in woe"?

Finally, it is perhaps in their treatment of religion that there is the greatest similarity between Botticelli and Pierre Loti. Both belong to periods remarkable for scepticism and materialism and both, though Idealists, bear the mark of their times.

Thus, though Botticelli is at his best in sacred subjects, and many of his pictures of the Madonna fall little short of the sublime, we find always in them the same pessimistic spirit that found no hope in Spring, no joy in Love, and, now, no faith in Religion. The fascination his creations exercise over us is so great that we can rarely bring ourselves to coldly analyse them, if we did we should find that the wondrous expression that lies in the depths of the Madonna's eyes is not so much sadness as despair at the thought of all she and her Son are going to suffer—in vain? While lavishing special love and care upon those of his pictures which illustrate the Faith, Botticelli does so much in the same spirit in which we deck a mortuary chamber with flowers—to render honour to a once loved form from which life has departed. We find this same spirit in Pierre Loti's writings: with a tender touch he describes the people's simple piety and faith, admiring the fervour of their prayers, and above all, the beauty of the idea—and it is with a great pity that he deplores the fact—as he considers it—that their confidence is all founded on a myth. The concluding lines of "Matelot" well express this sentiment:—

"O Christ, de ceux qui pleurent, ô Vierge calme et blanche, ô tous les mythes adorables que rien ne remplacera plus, ô vous qui seuls donnez le courage de vivre aux mères sans enfants et aux fils sans mère, ô vous qui faites les larmes couler plus douces et qui mettez au bord du trou noir de la mort, votre sourire—soyez bénis! . . ."

Et nous qui vous avez perdus, pour jamais, baisons en pleurant, dans la poussière, la trace que vos pas ont laissées, en s'éloignant de nous. . . ."

To sorrow man is born, in sorrow he lives and dies, and even beyond the tomb the "auteur" seems to see for himself at best a void. This sentiment is what renders his book "Ramuntcho" almost unbearably sad, for, while telling us that the constantly recurring phrase—"O Crux, Ave, Spes Unica"—may serve as device for the entire Basque people of whom the story treats, we feel, through all, the writer's conviction that the cross, which is indeed their only hope, will also fail them in their hour of need.

LITTLE POEMS IN PROSE

(From Baudelaire.)

EVENING SHADOWS.

At nightfall an immense ease steals the spirits of those who have borne the burden and the heat of the day, and their thoughts take on the pale and delicate hues, the soft and tremulous harmonies of twilight.

Yet from the highest peak of the mountain there floats to my balcony, through the transparent veils of evening clouds, a deep-toned roar made up of a number of discordant ones, which are blended by the distance into a strange and melancholy music, like that of the incoming tide, or the awakening anger of the tempest.

Who are these unfortunates, who know no rest at even, and who, like owls, make the approach of night a signal for their witches' sabbath? Their strange laments are blown from a dark hostel, situated on the slopes of the mountain, and at night, as I smoke and bend over the utter peace of this immense valley, sprinkled with houses where every window seems to tell of inner peace and homeliness, I can, when the wind sets from the mountain, listen to a very fair imitation of the harmonies of hell.

Dusk excites madmen to greater excesses. I remember I had two friends whose minds became sick and diseased during the hours of twilight. One lost all sense of courtesy and friendship, and behaved like a very brute to everyone he met; the other, a bitter and ambitious fellow, became still more embittered and gloomy as the evening fell, and in his twilight mania he became positively cruel, not only to others, but himself. One died raging mad, and unable to recognise his wife and child, the other carries within himself the seeds of a constant distress. Even if he won all the titles and distinctions that kings and

republics were able to bestow, I believe the twilight would still kindle in him the consuming passion for new and imaginary honours.

Now the night, which throws its obscuring shadows upon that man's soul, is the very illumination of mine, and though it is not uncommon to find the same cause produce very dissimilar results, it always arouses in me a sense of mystery and terror.

O night, and shadows of refreshment and renewal, you are my signal for an inner festival and joy, a manumission from an agony of torture. In the solitude of immense plains, or in the stony labyrinths of a city, the kindling of starlight and lamplight is the beginning of the feast of the goddess of liberty.

How soft and gracious is the approach of twilight! The warm, rosy lights which linger on the rim of the world from the conflict of dying day with victorious night, the candle-flames that show like drops of opaque red against the departing glories of the west, the heavy curtains that are drawn by an unseen hand from the deepest chambers of the east, are, as it were, the images and shows of the subtle feelings that gather in the hearts of men in the deepest moments of life. How like it is to a dancers' robe, where a dark-hued transparent gauze gives glimpses of the veiled magnificence of a shining inner dress, as the shining past is dimly perceived through the veils of the sombre-hued present, a "splendour among glooms"; and the tremulous light of the golden and silver stars, with which it is inset, are the symbols of those fires of the spirit which are at their brightest beneath the sable hangings of the mourner, Night.

"ANYWHERE OUT OF THE WORLD."

LIFE is like a hospital, where all the sick and afflicted are possessed with the wish to change their beds, and while one wants to drag on his suffering life near the fire, another thinks he would be well if he were moved to the window. As for me, "there where I am not, there is happiness," and I am always turning over this question with my soul.

"Come," I say, "my soul, my poor frozen soul, what do you say to taking up our residence at Lisbon? It should be warm there, and you would enjoy the sun like a lizard! The city lies by the water-side; it is built of marble—or so they say—and its people have such a strong dislike of vegetation that they pluck up all the trees by the roots. That would be a sight after your own heart, a view built up of light and minerals with the liquid water below for a mirror."

But my soul was silent.

"Since you are so fond of repose, with an outlook upon scenes of life and movement, why not go to Holland—that delightful country? Perhaps it would interest you, as you have often admired pictures of it in galleries and museums. How about Rotterdam, since you are fond of forests of masts, and ships huddled at the foot of houses?"

But my soul remained mute.

"Batavia might be better, perhaps. We should find in it the spirit of Europe oddly combined with the beauties of the tropics."

Not a word from my soul all this time. Can she be dead?

"Are you come to such a pitch that you can take pleasure only in your disease? If that is really the case, let us go to the lands that are like the regions of the dead. I have it! We will pack for Torneo—or further still, the extreme shore of the Baltic; or, further from life, if possible, let us settle at the Pole! There the sun touches the earth but lightly in his course; and the slow alternations of light and darkness take away all variety from life, and add to the monotony, which forms part of the void of non-existence. There we could steep ourselves in long baths of shadow, while for our amusement the Northern Lights would spread their rosy sheaves of flame, like the reflections of some festival in Hell."

Then at last my soul broke the silence, and very wisely she said to me, "Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

SO SOON.

A HUNDRED times the sun had risen, dim-headed or radiant, from the immense bowl of the ocean with its almost invisible rim, and a hundred times he had dipped again, glowing or shorn of his splendours, in his mighty bath of twilight. For many days we had had the other side of the heavens for our book, and could read the story cypher of the Antipodes. Yet every one of the passengers was loud in his complaints. The approach of land seemed to give an added zest to their discontent. "When," cried they, "shall we sleep, unshaken by the surge, undisturbed by the wind, whose song is louder than our snoring? When shall we eat our meals in a chair that does not toss and roll?"

Some there were who thought of their homes, and wished themselves again with their wives—who were no doubt faithless and ill-humoured—and with their screaming children. All were so much in love with the land they had left behind that they would, I believe, have eaten its very grass like an ox.

At last land came in sight, and we saw, as we drew nearer, it was a fair, a ravishing, and shining shore, where the music of the flutes of life floated in soft murmurs, and where the slopes, green with all manner of growing things, breathed out for many a league a desirable odour of fruits and flowers.

Everyone was delighted, and threw off his ill-humour; all quarrels were at once forgotten, all mutual errors pardoned, duels were "from the book of honour razed quite"—all ill-feeling vanished into thin air with magical rapidity.

I alone was saddened with an unimaginable touch of melancholy. Like a priest robbed of his divinity, I could not leave without a pang this siren of the sea, with its infinite variety upon a ground of utter and awful nakedness, which seems to contain within itself and body forth in the form of its sports, its humours, its angers, and its laughter, the humours, the agonies, and the rapturous excesses of all the souls that were, and are, and are to be.

In parting from the sea's most excellent beauty, I felt heavy and ill at ease; and that is why, while all my other companions cried "At last," in tones of relief, I could only sigh out "So soon."

Yet here was the earth, with its sounds and its passions; the earth with its commodities and gaieties, a land rich and ravishing, and full of promises, which greeted us with its mysterious odours of roses and of musk, and from whence the music of the flutes of life flowed to us with a sweet and amorous murmur.

M. J.

CHARLES CHURCHILL AND THE PLAYERS

"THE small pomivorous animal" seeking to avenge a wounded anatomy, is prone to seize on the pen of the satirist, and many a petty tyrant has been held up to infamy and contempt on the flyleaf of a Latin lexicon. Schoolboy satire is, of course, mostly of the crudest kind, and distinguished more by vigour than *finesse*; but, however, great its limitations, it is an immense relief to the feelings, and, as such, has been practised by the genus from the earliest times.

The satire of Charles Churchill, however, was another matter. Churchill made his *début* at Westminster School by aiming "spiteful satire's poisoned shaft" at an offending usher. The author of the squib was discovered, and he was condemned to compose and recite in the school-room a poetical declamation in Latin by way of imposition. But this was a poor sort of punishment, and he entered with such zest into the business that the fire and energy of his lines surprised and impressed his masters,

and made him the hero of his school-fellows, among whom were Cowper, Warren Hastings, George Colman, and Richard Cumberland. In 1748, being then just over seventeen, he again distinguished himself above his fellows by contracting a Fleet marriage with a young lady named Scott. This was probably the cause of his rejection when, in the following year, he stood for a scholarship at Merton, though his friends declare the reason to have been his affectation of ignorance to show his contempt for the "trifling questions proposed to him." From Oxford he proceeded to Cambridge, and was admitted into Trinity College, but within a few weeks he returned to London, and never afterwards mentioned the universities without ridiculing their forms of admission:

Which Balaam's ass
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

During the next year he and his wife lived with his father, who was rector of Rainham, in Essex, and curate and lecturer at St. John's the Evangelist, Westminster. He then went to Sunderland to undergo a course of theological reading with a view to the Church, returning to London in 1753 to take possession of a small fortune inherited by his wife. A few months later he was ordained to the curacy of South Cadbury, in Somerset, where, as he expressed it, he was condemned "to pray and starve on £40 a year." In 1756 he took over his father's curacy, and on his death was elected to succeed to his other appointments. Churchill's career as a clergyman was not particularly successful; the cloth appears to have sat awkwardly on his burly shoulders. Some claim to have read his sermons, though with small pleasure and no profit. They smack of resurrection from the twopenny bookstalls. Of their soporific qualities there is no doubt, for he himself has recorded how "sleep at his bidding crept from pew to pew."

During these lean years his wife bore him two sons, and he got into financial difficulties from which he was rescued by the father of his school chum, Robert Lloyd. It was about this time that he conceived the idea of writing a satire on the leading players of the day, and with a characteristic outburst of energy at once set himself to a close study of their methods and mannerisms. In an incredibly short time he had finished the "Rosciad," which he offered to a bookseller for £20. The latter, however, had evidently mistaken his vocation; he refused it. Thereupon Churchill published it anonymously at his own expense in March, 1761. Its success was prodigious. Critics bowed the knee to an unknown master, whilst the victims writhed and raved, and called aloud for vengeance. Tom Davies, the amiable and versatile chatterbox immortalised by Boswell, was driven from the stage by the line, "He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone." This poem and the "Apology," which he wrote in reply to his critics, brought its author nearly £1,000.

The plan of the "Rosciad" is simplicity itself. Roscius, the prince of comedians, being deceased, Shakespeare is appointed to determine between the rival aspirants to the vacant throne. The chief actors of the time then appear in succession before the judge, and each is treated to a caustic and penetrating criticism of his art. Few find favour in the poet's sight, and even these do not escape wholly without censure. The ladies fare better; Churchill was never proof against the blandishments of a pretty woman. There is a particularly graceful compliment to Mrs. Cibber, daughter-in-law of the great Colley, a charming singer and demirep. But even the ladies did not always succeed in pleasing him. Having paid whole-hearted tribute to the power and grace of Mrs. Pritchard in tragedy, he concludes with rather brutal candour:—

Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old;
Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
Her speech, look, action, humour, are all just,
But then her age and figure give disgust.

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confined?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding placed
In any set circumference of waist?

But the person least to his mind was an unhappy wretch who has been identified as a Mr. Fitzpatrick. He had incurred Churchill's wrath by making an unprovoked assault upon his friend Garrick, and the poet assaulted him in a satire which begins thus:—

With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blushed, unless in spreading Vice's snares,
She blundered on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavished by Nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius, and of taste, of players, and of plays;
Much of writings which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate in a strange humour had decreed
That what It wrote, none but Itself should read.

Such blasting invective as Churchill's takes one's breath away. He had the fervour of a Hebrew prophet with the vocabulary of a disappointed cabman. His method is that of the bruiser; first he defies his enemy with a torrent of abuse, then rushes upon him, bludgeon on high; but having once knocked him on the head in fair fight, he is incapable of further rancour. Indeed, he is painfully surprised when the beaten foe, once more on his legs, refuses the proffered hand of fellowship. Thus, satire in his hands never becomes the deadly thing it is in Pope's, partly because he is too good-natured and partly because he is too much of Johnson's opinion that "to show your adversary any mark of respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled." When he begins by reviling his enemy as a monster of stupidity, perfidy, and all manner of evil, and ends by wondering how the gods, in their inscrutable wisdom, allow such a wretch to crawl on the face of the earth, the satire misses its mark, simply because the person at whom it is aimed knows it to be untrue, and truth is of the first necessity in the truly effective satire. The really great satirist adopts other tactics. His first care is to avoid over-drawing his picture. He seeks to lay bare hidden motives, to reveal moral cowardice masquerading as worldly wisdom, to tear the veil from the secret vanities and infirmities that lurk unsuspected in the soul of his enemy. Observe how Pope, one of the great masters in this school, approaches Addison in the person of Atticus. His passion is cold and calculating; above all, his hatred does not blind him to the merits of his foe:—

Peace to all such; but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease.

It is not till he has done full justice to his greatness that we catch the first glimpse of the forked tongue. Then follow a few words whispered, as it were, into the ear of his enemy, which wither the heart within him. But the man that gives himself up to the fiend that possessed Pope is in even more piteous case than his victim, and certainly Churchill was the last man to buy repentance at so dear a price.

On the receipt of the money for his two poems, Churchill separated from his wife after making her a handsome allowance, and thenceforward led the life of a man about town. At the same time he resigned his curacy and lectureship.

In 1762, the poet met John Wilkes, and under his influence wrote "The Prophecy of Famine," a scathing attack on Scotch place-hunters. The poem burns with the most intense political hatred, and contains some of Churchill's most famous lines, such as—

Where half-starved spiders prey on half-starved flies,
and the oft-quoted reference to "apt Alliteration's artful aid."

Churchill, having now become the intimate associate of Wilkes, assisted him in the management of the *North Briton*, and when the famous number 45 of that periodical was published warrants were issued for the arrest of both men. Wilkes had just been arrested when Churchill walked into the room. Wilkes immediately turned to the poet and said, "Good morrow, Mr. Thomson; how is Mrs. Thomson to-day; does she dine in the country?" Churchill at once took the hint and escaped from London. In the same year occurred his bitter quarrel with Hogarth, and his epistle to the latter was followed with breathless rapidity by "The Duellist," which Horace Walpole pronounced to be "glorious," and "Gotham," a sort of glorified commonplace book, the most poetical of his works; whilst "The Ghost" contains an amusing caricature of Johnson as Pomposo, with a mock-heroic description of his Cock Lane adventure.

Writing to Mann on November 15, 1764, Walpole tells him that "a Frenchman asked Churchill [the husband of Lady Maria, Walpole's half-sister] whether he was 'le fameux poete.' 'Non.' 'Ma foi, monsieur, tant pis pour vous.'"

Churchill died at Boulogne whilst on a visit to the exiled Wilkes, in the thirty-third year of his age. Biographers have done their worst with his reputation, yet their works serve but to show the futility of attempting to measure such a man with the foot-rule of a narrow Puritanism. He stands convicted of wife desertion and seduction. He was a foul-mouthed tavern-loafer, a hard-drinker, and exceeding bitter in his cups; yet we would give much for an hour of Churchill among the fatuous, brainless, and self-advertising creatures who strut the boards of to-day.

THE YOUNGER BRITISH COMPOSERS

SLOWLY, but surely, the public is awakening to the fact that a revival has taken place in British music. The bovine dullness which characterised nearly all attempts at serious composition during the past century has given place to a remarkable outburst of impulsive vitality. Creative energy is manifested with a freedom far removed from the laborious stodginess of the musical graduate's cantata or the organist's symphony. There is an intensity, an impetuosity about the work of the last fifteen years or so which is a familiar sign of an important art movement. The feverish striving of a vanguard is infallibly distinguishable from the self-satisfied perfunctoriness of a stale garrison.

The striking success of Sir Edward Elgar's symphony, the national significance of the Beecham and Ronald concerts, and the revived interest in British opera have had the effect of opening the musical ant-hill and revealing the *grouillement* of which it has been the scene at least since the turn of the century. The sign is a remarkable one. Never before in the history of this country has such a wealth of creative musical talent existed. It is no difficult task to put together a list of fifty names of composers who have produced music which is entitled to serious attention either for its intrinsic merit or for its symptomatic importance. And behind these there is another and a larger crowd of men who have risen beyond mediocrity. What is perhaps more important is that this multitude of composers consists of the most widely diversified elements. There is no country in Europe where composers are at the same time as numerous and as heterogeneous as in England. This chaotic variety is itself characteristic of the quickened animation which accompanies the early stages of every strong movement, whether artistic, political, or even industrial.

In taking a survey of this band of native composers, one is at first unfavourably impressed with the technical proficiency they have obtained as compared with their Continental rivals. They are handicapped by the absence of a continuous tradition. In the struggle for emancipation much obsolete lumber has been swept away, but that which has taken its place has been flung down without due regard for that eternal fitness which is the basis of all true art. From this has resulted a fairly general lack of thoroughness. The conservative faction, which clings to the old formulæ, has failed to produce anything even approaching the proficiency with which Glazounoff uses the same methods. The progressive elements are completely unable to justify themselves as logically as does, for instance, Vincent d'Indy, who is also a protagonist. There is everywhere an insufficiency of method, of resource, which renders close inspection of the music undesirable if one is to preserve one's faith in the inherent soundness of the national movement.

This applies not only to the inherited knowledge acquired from the classics, but also to the influence of contemporaries. The young English composer is fascinated by every new phenomenon which comes under his notice, whether it be Strauss or Debussy—two names which are often bracketed, though they represent the opposite poles of present-day composition. There is no vital objection to the young composer availing himself of contemporary additions to the resources of music provided he thoroughly understands their nature and purpose. But the British composer rarely goes beyond externals. He misses the extraordinary appositeness of Debussy's selection of effects, and annexes a few of the most obvious but least important of his mannerisms. He is blind to the plastic quality of Strauss's music, and thinks he can do as well by emulating the apparent arbitrariness of his detail. It is owing to this lack of thoroughness that he habitually writes both too quickly and too copiously. The leaders of the French school, which is the most progressive of the day, are men who write little and think much. Their work is elaborately designed and carried out with a supreme care which demands considerable time and effort. As far as mere proficiency can make them, so their compositions leave their hands perfect. Not a bar can be added or omitted without destroying the shapeliness of the whole. In one case a work was kept back for some years because its author could not decide a point of form which involved a matter of a few bars. Our young composers have no such scruples. They dash off symphonic poems and sonatas with a facility which, alas, is too often apparent in the result. Many of them who are still under thirty can rival in quantity the output of such men as Debussy or Dukas; and as for Ravel, or Sévérac, or Roussel, some of our most promising men produce as much in a couple of years as these have since the beginning of their career. And, owing to their neglect of essentials in favour of externals, they are really convinced that in actual proficiency, as distinguished from contents, the works thus carelessly produced will stand comparison with those of any of the composers named. Indeed, their friends are disposed to regard this dangerous fluency as evidence of greater proficiency.

All this amounts to saying that the taint of the amateur hangs over them. Talent abounds to-day, but the infinite capacity for taking pains has yet to come if we are to lay to our credit works of such finish as to arouse the envy of other countries. Composers will have to be a little less convinced that the curriculum of an academy includes all they have to learn. There is some excuse for that belief as, that modicum of routine duly mastered, they are frequently appointed professors at once, though musically unfledged. This lack of thoroughness is distinctly amateurish, and is a serious obstacle to the real progress of British music. Yet it is not an unmitigated evil. The desire for perfection of form and diction is latent at present, but it is obscured by forces which are making for expressiveness. That the need of self-expression is

temporarily paramount is due to a revolt against the inexpressive music which prevailed for so long. It is not a new occurrence in musical history that such a revolt proceeds from a stratum, but one step removed from dilettantism. That has notably been the case in Russia. The revolution once accomplished, the craving for order soon asserted itself, and in proficiency the Russian composer of to-day can easily hold his own. It is not improbable that when the present Sturm und Drang has ceased history will repeat itself. Even now there are signs that an indigenous technique is forming itself, and that a new tradition is taking shape. With the present wealth of material, optimism in that respect is fully justified.

The variety of this material is so great that classification is difficult. As, however, a large number of composers are former students of our two principal teaching institutions, these form a convenient starting-point. Though the junior of the two, the Royal College is identified with the more conservative elements, and it has the usual vice of such organisations, which is the tendency to mould its pupils on one pattern. Although not necessarily more thorough than elsewhere, its teaching is, as far as it goes, disciplinary. Great stress is laid on the model which the taste of the authorities has enthroned, and the official musical creed is professed by all save a very few of its students. Take the chamber music of Richard Walthew, Joseph Speaight, Frank Bridge, Thos. F. Dunhill, John Ireland, James Friskin, and the late W. Y. Hurlstone. It is uniformly well-written music, differing in degree but not in kind. A concert consisting entirely of works of these seven composers would create on the listener the same effect as a one-composer programme. All this music could conveniently be pooled, and after time had eliminated all but that worthy to survive, it is probable that most of the names would still be represented, as each composer has produced at least one work of sterling quality. Names are only of consequence as symbols of individualities. Here they might well be dispensed with, and the monogram of the Royal College substituted. It must be noted that this refers principally to chamber-music. In other directions some of these composers have established an independent identity. Such is the case with the songs of R. H. Walthew, who is a born lyricist. Apart from the cheaper effusions which the absurdities of our methods compel every composer to write for shop purposes, he is the author of many art-songs of conspicuous merit. It is consoling to observe that these have met with no small measure of success.

The students of the Royal College have not all been equally docile. Two of them seem to have been refractory to an emphatic degree. These are Vaughan Williams and G. von Holst, who, despite his name, is an Englishman. Both are men of decided talent. That of Vaughan Williams is most familiar through his Norfolk rhapsodies and similar compositions based on folk-song, but now that he has conquered an early dimidence of manner, his more original work is assuming a character of sturdy independence, not always attractive, but vigorous and sincere. Von Holst is almost an anarchist. He delights in combinations which are harsh, but he uses them with convincing effect. It is very difficult to associate his music with the Royal College.

If the Royal College exaggerates discipline it is possible that the Royal Academy errs a little in the opposite direction, but if so there is considerable palliation. It possesses one of the most enlightened teachers of composition of the country, who correctly interprets the word education as meaning "drawing out" and not "pushing in." It is his aim to develop the personalities entrusted to his care and endow them with freedom of expression. With so many examples of the evils of the opposite method, what more natural than that reaction should carry him past the safe medium? Some of the composers who have passed through his hands might have been the better for a more rigorous repression of mere youthful waywardness, but as a body his pupils form a group of which any teacher

might well be proud. To single out only four from a possible dozen or more who have produced good work, B. J. Dale, Arnold Bax, W. H. Bell, and York Bowen are amongst the most promising composers of the day. Since Bell's "Walt Whitman" symphony was produced under Manns, a succession of orchestral works has kept his name before the public. Dale is known by a suite for viola, and a piano sonata, which is a valuable contribution to the literature of the instrument. York Bowen, who is himself a pianist, naturally writes copiously for the piano, but he has also a fine sense of orchestral colour. Bax is perhaps the most gifted, and certainly the least disciplined, of the four. His capacity is prodigious, but his music is sometimes rendered inaccessible by sheer difficulty of execution.

Beyond the spheres of the Royal College and Royal Academy, composers are naturally less gregarious, but there is one group which has attracted much attention. Most, if not all, of its members studied at one time or another at Frankfurt. Still, the points wherein they resemble each other are not characteristic of that conservatoire, and must be ascribed to other causes. The most striking personality amongst them is Cyril Scott, who has succeeded beyond most British composers in evolving a distinct personal idiom. True, its vocabulary is as yet not very extensive, and in place of the conventions which he has discarded he has set up others which are no less rigid, but his diction is at least fresh and generally exhilarating.

To the conservative wing belong a number of composers whose works owe more to Continental influences. Such are, for instance, Algernon Ashton, Donald F. Tovey, Dr. Ernest Walker, Arthur Hinton, J. D. Davis, and that highly accomplished song-writer Albert Mallinson. All of these, except perhaps Dr. Walker, have more in common with German composers than with the English movement, though the latter is as yet so little defined that it must provisionally be held to include the works of all composers who are actually British. Nevertheless, the writer has felt justified in omitting a reference to Delius and Miss Ethel Smyth, both of whom have expended the lion's share of their musical activity on this country. Others were omitted merely because they scarcely belong to the younger generation. Granville Bantock, William Wallace, J. B. McEwen, Percy Pitt, and some others are in the prime of life, producing some of their best work, but they are beyond the scope of the present article.

On the other hand, it was impracticable to attempt to enumerate the hosts of composers whose place is here. Completeness being out of the question, let a few names suffice: Rutland Boughton, Reginald Stegall, Frederic C. Nicholls, Nicholas Gatty, Stanley Hawley, Havergal Brian, Ernest Blake, Edgar Bainton, A. Carse. But why continue? The country is teeming with creative talent, and, subject to the reservations with which this article was commenced, the outlook for British music is more hopeful than it has been since the Puritan revolution. But, whilst keeping those reservations in mind, we owe the native composer rather more appreciation than he as yet receives. He must be taken seriously if the progress he has made is to continue. It is not enough to compare the work of a youthful pioneer feeling his way towards independence with that of an acknowledged master who is head and shoulders above the men of his own country, and then bestow an offensive patronage on native art. There is a duty in these things. Other nations perform it, witness France, Germany, or Russia; we do not. Happily, however, there are signs that the general attitude of the musical public has been considerably modified within the last year or two, and the time is apparently ripening for the proposed operatic venture. In the meantime the competition of five symphonic orchestras in London will soon exercise some influence on the composition of concert programmes. The native artist has already succeeded in reconquering some of the ground which is his due, and with the help of a few enthusiasts much more will be accomplished.

HUNKS

THIS word crops up, c. 1600 (N.E.D.), in the comic dramatists, and is first "booked" in Kersey's Phillips (1706). It appears at first to have meant a "bear," as well as a miser. The N.E.D. commits itself to no etymology. The word has very much the meaning of G. *hunz*, for which Grimm quotes (1559), "Und wil der *hunz* und karg bauer als . . . erkargen und ersparen." Dieses *hunz* ist wohl nichts anders als der gen. *hunds* aus der phrase 'des *hunds* sein,' karg, filzig, schmutzig sein, hier adjektivisch gebraucht." Also, s.v. *hund*, 16.a, Grimm quotes (from Gotthelf), "Er ist *hunds* genug (enough of a dog), er tuts," and, from Hans Sachs:—

"Sich bruder Luchs, bistu des hunds,
So soltu wol das erb verlieren."

This genitive was also used as an epithet in M.H.G. (Schade). Junius (1611), s.v. *sordidus*, gives G. *hündisch*, Du. *honts*. Kilian (1620) has "*hondsch*, *honds*, *avarus*, *sordidus*, *deparcus*," and Hexham (1672) has "*honts*, *hondisch*, greedy, griple, or covetous, and also, dogish or currish." A good many Du. words were introduced into E. in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a period of military service in the Low Countries seems to have been a common interlude in the career of an English dramatist. It is difficult to see why the form of the word should be so changed, but the substitution of *k* for *t* is not unprecedented in the case of loan-words: cf., *havoc*, O.F. *havot*, *stark* for *start* (in "*stark* naked"). E. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TRANSLATORS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Some weeks ago you received a book of mine for review, viz., "Translations from Baudelaire." You did not review the book, but you have since published in your columns a number of translations from Baudelaire over the signature "M. J." Though a word has been altered here and there in order to change the look of the sentence, these translations are virtually mine, mine even to their very mannerisms and tricks of style, mine in rhythm, mine, indeed, in everything but signature.

I ask you, not only as editor of THE ACADEMY, but as a fellow writer, to read the "Little Poems in Prose" upon page 237 of THE ACADEMY, and then to read my translations of the same Prose Poems.

When my translation appeared, it was ignored by every critic of note, with the single exception of Mr. Arthur Symonds. It has remained for THE ACADEMY to pay me the sincerest flattery. F. P. STURM.

I do not see any likeness between Mr. Sturm's translations and mine that appeared in THE ACADEMY; however, I have procured a copy of Mr. Sturm's book, and will cut out his translations of the same subject as mine and append them (mine appeared on page 327 of THE ACADEMY, July 17). Any parallel I find is the result of a literal translation of Baudelaire. It is inevitable that in a piece like *L'Etranger*, very much the same words should be used. I give the original of Baudelaire's:—

"Qui aimes-tu le mieux, homme énigmatique, dis? Ton père, ta mère, ta sœur, ou ton frère?"

"Je n'ai ni père, ni mère, ni sœur, ni frère."

"Tes amis?"

"Vous vous servez là d'une parole dont le sens m'est resté presque à un jour inconnu."

"Ta patrie?"

"J'ignore sous quelle latitude elle est située."

"La beauté?"

"Je l'aimerais volontiers, diésse et immortelle."

"L'or?"

"Je le hais comme vous haissez Dieu."

"Eh! Qu'aimes-tu, donc, extraordinaire étranger?"

"J'aime les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . . là-bas . . . les merveilleux nuages!"

Here is Mr. Sturm's:

THE STRANGER.

"Tell me, enigmatic man, whom do you love best? Your father, your mother, your sister, or your brother?"

"I have neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother."

"Your friends, then?"
 "You use a word that until now has had no meaning for me."
 "Your country?"
 "I am ignorant of the latitude in which it is situated."
 "Then Beauty?"
 "Her I would love willingly, goddess and immortal."
 "Gold?"
 "I hate it as you hate your God."
 "What, then, extraordinary stranger, do you love?"
 "I love the clouds—the clouds that pass—yonder—the marvellous clouds."

(My translation appears on page 328 of THE ACADEMY.) What really strikes me is the difference in our translations when there is so small a margin in the French for the personal touch! Mr. Sturm has translated every word, by its literal French equivalent, and kept the French order. Again, I see no likeness in "Intoxication" if our two versions are printed side by side, or in "The Confitore of the Artist."† In the latter my phrase, "small and solitary as my own irremediable existence," is not far from Mr. Sturm's "by its very littleness imitating my irremediable existence," but we have both closely followed Baudelaire: "qui par sa petitesse et son isolement invite mon irrémédiable existence." Again, "all thinking through me or I through them, for in the depths of contemplation the feeling of identity soon vanishes and dissolves," is not far from Mr. Sturm's "all these things thinking through me and I through them (for in the grandeur of the reverie the Ego is swiftly lost)."

But turning to Baudelaire, we have the literal words, "toutes ces choses pensent par moi, ou je pense par elles."

Then a literal translation of Baudelaire's (word for word):—"elles pensent . . . mais musicalement et pittoresquement, sans arguties, sans syllogismes, sans déductions," gives our two very similar versions.

We both give the "contemplation of Beauty is a duel," again literally Baudelaire's "l'étude du beau est un duel."

The same might be said of "The Gifts of the Moon."‡ It is not surprising that the words, "La Lune, qui est la caprice même, regarda par la fenêtre pendant que tu dormais dans ton berceau, et se dit: 'Cette enfant me plaît,'" are translated by both of us, "The moon, who is caprice itself." How else could they be translated? We both translate Baudelaire's *poison lumineux* by "luminous poison"!

I have gone carefully over our versions, and these are the only parallels I find. And I think it might be wagered that the same pieces, given to two or three translators, would contain the same parallels. They would all have "luminous poison," "my irremediable existence," and the like if they were intending to give, as I wished, a fairly close rendering of Baudelaire, only altering his phraseology when it seemed to me jarring and absurd when literally translated. M. J.

INTOXICATION.*

One must be for ever drunken: that is the sole question of importance. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time that bruises your shoulders and bends you to the earth, you must be drunken without cease. But how? With wine, with poetry, with virtue, with what you please. But be drunken. And if sometimes, on the steps of a palace, on the green grass by a moat, or in the dull loneliness of your chamber, you should waken up, your intoxication already lessened or gone, ask of the wind, of the wave, of the star, of the bird, of the timepiece; ask of all that flees, all that sighs, all that revolves, all that sings, all that speaks, ask of these the hour; and wind and wave and star and bird and timepiece will answer you: "It is the hour to be drunken! Lest you be the martyred slaves of Time, intoxicate yourselves, be drunken without cease! With wine, with poetry, with virtue, or with what you will."

THE CONFITEOR OF THE ARTIST.†

How penetrating is the end of an autumn day! Ah, yes, penetrating enough to be painful even; for there are certain delicious sensations whose vagueness does not prevent them from being intense; and none more keen than the perception of the Infinite. He has a great delight who drowns his gaze in the immensity of sky and sea. Solitude, silence, the incomparable chastity of the azure—a little sail trembling upon the horizon, by its very littleness and isolation imitating my irremediable existence—the melodious monotone of the surge—all these things thinking through me and I through them (for in the grandeur of the reverie the Ego is swiftly lost); they think, I say, but musically and picturesquely, without quibbles, without syllogisms, without deductions.

These thoughts, as they arise in me or spring forth from external objects, soon become always too intense. The energy working within pleasure creates an uneasiness, a positive suffering. My nerves are too tense to give other than clamouring and dolorous vibrations.

And now the profundity of the sky dismays me: its limpidity exasperates me. The insensibility of the sea, the immutability of

BLAKE AND SMETHAM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The letter from Mr. G. Lowther headed "Blake and Smetham," in your issue of July 31, has rejoiced me. I have long held that James Smetham's work is the greatest undiscovered country in recent prose. A large part of the extraordinary neglect of his work can be unhesitatingly charged to the quite astonishingly careless way in which he is edited. Let me just lay before your readers some of the shortcomings of Smetham's editor. The Eversley edition is in two volumes, entitled "Letters" and "Literary Works." The letters are printed in the scrappiest fashion imaginable; headings and signatures, all the little touches which help to reveal a writer's personality, are omitted. The lapse of time surely justifies a really complete edition at last. Emphatically, Smetham's unpublished letters (rumoured to be numerous) should be included, the large omissions from the letters already printed should disappear, and those documents of the highest degree of delightfulness (*vide* what the editor calls "a fragmentary reminiscence" of Hazlitt) which are tantalisingly quoted in part in the preface should now take their place in the text.

A selection from Smetham's verse appears at the end of both volumes. Each selection is substantially the same as the other, yet differs both by inclusion and omission. And some of Smetham's best verse appears in neither volume!

The Essays are introduced by a disparaging note. Now, if a man's editor and intimate friend does not believe in his work, how can the general public be expected to do so? One of his finest essays, a noble and reverent plea for the marriage of all that is best in religion and art, is omitted; his editor, who does not appear to have read it, in his preface entitles it quite incorrectly, and, further, assigns it to a wrong year of the London Quarterly Review.

It seems incredible that a firm with Messrs. Macmillan's earned reputation for careful editing should allow one of their finest writers to appear for so long edited in this culpably slipshod fashion—and in the Eversley series. Mr. G. Lowther is right; the Blake essay is beyond all praise, one of the supreme achievements of our tongue. To read it ensures instant and enthusiastic recognition of this fact. But not a whit less worthy are Smetham's touching and sympathetic appraisal of Alexander Smith, and the grandly discursive Reynolds essay.

And yet Smetham is not regarded as a writer at all, except in the accidental sense of having been an artist whose letters were published—in scandalous fashion, as I have indicated. People who knew him personally have repeatedly explained to me, when I asked concerning him, "Oh, he was an unsuccessful painter," which is blasphemous nonsense. The literary world

the spectacle, revolt me. Ah, must one eternally suffer, for ever be a fugitive from Beauty?

Nature, pitiless enchantress, ever-victorious rival, leave me! Tempt my desires and my pride no more. The contemplation of Beauty is a duel where the artist screams with terror before being vanquished.

THE GIFTS OF THE MOON.‡

The Moon, who is caprice itself, looked in at the window as you slept in your cradle, and said to herself: "I am well pleased with this child."

And she softly descended her stairway of clouds and passed through the window-pane without noise. She bent over you with the supple tenderness of a mother and laid her colours upon your face. Therefrom your eyes have remained green and your cheeks extraordinarily pale. From contemplation of your visitor your eyes are so strangely wide; and she so tenderly wounded you upon the breast that you have ever kept a certain readiness to tears.

In the amplitude of her joy the Moon filled all your chamber as with a phosphorescent air, a luminous poison; and all this living radiance thought and said: "You shall be for ever under the influence of my kiss. You shall love all that loves me and that I love: clouds, and silence, and night; the vast green sea; the unformed and multitudinous waters; the place where you are not; the lover you will never know; monstrous flowers, and perfumes that bring madness; cats that stretch themselves swooning upon the piano and lament with the sweet, hoarse voices of women."

"And you shall be loved of my lovers, courted of my courtesans. You shall be the Queen of men with green eyes, whose breasts also I have wounded in my nocturnal caress: men that love the sea, the immense green ungovernable sea; the unformed and multitudinous waters; the place where they are not; the woman they will never know; sinister flowers that seem to bear the incense of some unknown religion; perfumes that trouble the will; and all savage and voluptuous animals, images of their own folly."

And that is why I am couched at your feet, O spoiled child, beloved and accursed, seeking in all your being the reflection of that august divinity, that prophetic god-mother, that poisonous nurse of all lunatics.

has been content to leave Smetham, the man who won reverent admiration from Rossetti, Ruskin, G. F. Watts, and Watts-Dunton, to the lukewarm admiration of the Methodists, who ignore his essays and read his letters for devotional purposes, regarding him with patronising approval as a good man who wrote "rather well for a Methodist." Whereas Smetham is with the supreme masters of English prose, with Newman and Ruskin and the late Father Tyrrell.—Yours sincerely,

Ed. J. THOMPSON.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL BASIS OF DISEASE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It may well be asked, if there is such a physiological source of disease as a micro-organism, why it is that a physiological ground of unity as well as a physiological ground of difference in the blood has not been discovered? For that which simply tends towards producing a sense of blood disorder can have nothing in common with that which tends towards producing a sense of blood order. In the first place, the sense of ill-health is not due to the blood, but to the poisonous substance with which it becomes associated. In the second place, if the blood, itself, could be said to be associated with any physiological form of disease, such as a micro-organism of ill-health, there would be a nervous form of it in the blood. In other words, the corpuscles contained in the serum or blood liquid would have a physiological ground of sensibility. But as evidence proves, it is not the serum itself which is associated with any sense of disease, but the microbic poisons. Hence, the physiological basis of pathology must be the liquid ground and not the corpuscular ground of the blood. This is, indeed, a very important point to bring forward for discussion. Thus, if the sense of health variance lies in the liquid form and not in the corpuscular form of the blood, the pathological differences or physiological forms attributed to germs have no actual existence. In other words, if the serum itself is responsible for the sense of ill-health, and not the microbes, it must be the serum which contains the antidote or physiological power of adjustment, and not the poisonous germs. It must follow, therefore, that our system or method of sera-therapy is wrong, since it is based on bacterial, to wit, poisonous forms of inoculations, instead of being founded on a pure ground of treatment, namely, on a liquid form of the blood apart from any poisonous substances whatsoever. Bacteriology, in fact, simply constitutes the physical basis of disease, and is merely pathological, that is to say, it possesses no physiological value. It is a great mistake to consider that because microbes are known to be associated with a variable sensibility that they possess a variable sensibility in themselves. This holds good with those principles upon which biological science may be said to rest. For although life may be said to be associated with chemical changes, we fail to discover any ground of chemical change in vital action itself. There is, for instance, no organic equivalent of colour, shape, substance, etc. The only vital basis of a living unit is sensibility.

Assuming then the liquid itself to be the physiological basis of disease—and it is this ground which Sir A. E. Wright, in opposition to Metchnikoff, assumes to be the source of all micro-organic action—it must follow that a system of sera-therapy should be worked upon a universal or pure ground of physiology rather than upon a bacteriological or impure ground, seeing that all cures which result from an impure form of inoculation cannot be held to be due to the poisons but to the liquid which destroys them. Even Sir A. E. Wright himself has questioned the wisdom of our impure forms of vaccines, anti-toxins, etc.

Since the liquid, therefore, is the physiological ground of disease, and the germs only the physical ground of it, wherever a sensible resistance or cure obtains, it must always be due to the presence of the liquid and never to the germs. Immunity is, in every case, due to a sense of unity (universal organism) and not to a sense of variance (micro-organism). In other words, it is always the blood liquid and never the blood particles (ions) which control life.

Now it can be urged upon these grounds that consumption and cancer should not be excepted from this physiological ground of pathology, and that therefore the liquid, in every case of therapeutical treatment, should produce a physical if not a physiological form of resistance. This, as a matter of course would be the case, if, as I shall endeavour to point out, these two diseases were physically associated, as other diseases are, with any physiological ground of the blood. As it is, there is no physical limit to the blood liquid of these two scourges, and this is the reason why they have not been found to be associated with any poisonous substance which, in other diseases, produce symptoms. These two diseases, in fact, are secretive or insidious

forms, for there is to be found no germ which can be said to be the real cause. In other words, there is no corpuscular form to the corpuscular action of them. Thus, consumption and cancer are both known by their physiological uniformity, and not, as other forms of disease are known, by their physiological differences. For instance, in consumption's uniform ground of white corpuscles, where are we to discover that which is not uniform, to wit, the poisonous matter or micro-organism? Likewise, in cancer's uniform ground of dark corpuscles, where are we to discover the physical basis of the disease? In each case there is nothing but a physiological uniformity of substance. There is, as far as vitality is concerned, nothing to account for the non-vital agent which is present. Yet there must be some corpuscular difference—some uniformity by which the death agent as well as the life agent works. The former can have nothing whatsoever to do with the latter, and for this reason: The agent through which disease works can never be held to have anything in common with the agent through which life works. On the other hand, there is to be found no vital substance of variation in these two diseases, that is to say, no cellular or corpuscular difference, seeing that all the corpuscles in each case possess physiological uniformity. No pathologist has yet discovered the poisonous substance, to wit, the micro-organism of consumption. For had Professor Koch done so, we should know of what chemical constituents it was composed.

Tuberculosis has a liquid but no corpuscular blood form, and that is the reason why vaccination fails as a cure. In a paper read before the French Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Calmette, the head of the Eastern Institute at Lille, speaking on this very problem of inoculation, said that there is no anti-tuberculous serum in existence which has any curative power. The same may be said of cancer. Evidence, therefore, on the part of these two diseases, goes to prove that the physical cures obtained by inoculation in other diseases have been due not because of the poisonous material associated with the serum, but in spite of it. Non-poisonous vaccination would, in every case, have had the same effect. That consumption and cancer need more than a serum ground of resistance is plain, from the physical evidences obtained from the physiological ground of disease, which physical form, in the shape of a micro-organism, both consumption and cancer lack. And lacking such a ground as this nervous form, they call for a positive, that is, a constitutional form of treatment.

J. G.

TENNYSON AND—HARRISON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Frederic Harrison has again and finally proved his incompetence as a critic of poetry by an article on Tennyson in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. It seems almost inevitable that writing about centenarians should be more or less dull and futile, but it would be difficult to find a more striking example of bad criticism and feeble English than this article. It is pitiful that a writer whom one would have liked to regard as a worthy survivor of the giants of the Victorian Age should throw away his reputation by such a piece of crass ineptitude as this.

Mr. Harrison proposes to "place" Tennyson among his "peers"—he disclaims with ostentatious generosity the desire to set him up as the "superior" of those great poets, viz., Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Byron, whom he names as the great masters of the early nineteenth century. Taking each in turn he makes an obtuse and clumsy comparison with Tennyson—always in favour of the latter. Obviously he will have the Olympians nicely graded, measuring the distances in their elevation by careful inches.

But in making these comparisons, Mr. Harrison does not attempt to avoid an unworthy and sometimes insulting disparagement of the elder poets. "Dear old Wordsworth," he exclaims with a cheap familiarity more characteristic of the age when that immortal "Come, Mr. Wordsworth, this will never do!" was written, which has pilloried its author as a perpetual example of pompous ignorance—"Dear old Wordsworth . . . would drone on for days and months together in insufferable commonplace. He carried his love of solitary musing and of rustic simplicity to a point where they often degenerated into tiresome reiteration and even laughable banality." One had hoped that this sort of critical nonsense had gone out with the last century at least, if in some quarters it survived so long; to read it in the present year of grace is worse than wearisome, and when Mr. Harrison can thus speak of William Wordsworth, one of the most powerful minds and passionate souls ever made, and a supreme poet, we can only conclude that he has not yet learnt the alphabet of the appreciation of poetry, and leave him to his maudlin laughter.

His next statement, however, is worthy of definite refutation, since it is one of the commonest notions about Tennyson: "whilst Tennyson's unerring taste," he remarks in contrast,

"kept him free from such vexatious commonplace." Let us read a passage:—

"Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people: thither flocked at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighbouring borough with their Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college visiting the son—the son,
A Walter too—with others of our set,
Five others: we were seven at Vivian Place."

I cannot imagine any commonplace more vexatious to the genuine lover of poetry than this facile newspaper reporting in verse. The marvel is that Tennyson could indite such lines and such an abominable piece of work as "The Promise of May," and yet be the fine poet he was. The lack of discrimination and the waste of poetic energy were only possible to one who, as Tennyson, enjoyed an almost undisputed dictatorship, which was without parallel since Pope. No matter what he wrote and published, each volume was, by reason of its source, hailed as an immortal work, its reception with echoing eulogy could be certainly predicted before its appearance. Happier, perhaps, were those who, like Keats and Wordsworth, lived most of their lives amid the jealous scorn of fools, whose jeering was better than their praise. For the discipline at least imposed a noble independence and restraint, and saved them from drawing-room passion and tinsel sentiment. These things are the damning faults of Tennyson's later work; who although he was not great enough to throw them off, could not help being an immortal poet in spite of them.

As for Wordsworth, in his baldest passages there is a dignity and freshness as of a mountain wind sweeping through; whilst at its best his blank verse has a glorious variety of rhythm, a splendour of imagery, and beyond all a depth of passion, which Tennyson even in his finest work nowhere approaches. It is notable that by an amusing irony, Tennyson's well-known line,

"A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman,"

which does not in the least resemble Wordsworth whom it was intended to parody, is exactly characteristic of Tennyson's own style in its weakness.

The fact is, Tennyson would be far better appreciated as a poet among the English immortals if there were a good selection of his poems. Disentangled from the mass of unworthy and ephemeral verse such as the "Princess" (saving its priceless lyrics) and the Plays, there would be a large body of noble poetry which would secure his place. There is a delusion to which so fine a critic as Matthew Arnold appeared to give some countenance, that all of Wordsworth that is immortal, or even worth reading, can be compressed into such a selection as that in the Golden Treasury Series, whilst Tennyson should be read in the bulk. The exact reverse is the truth. To appreciate Wordsworth adequately, one must open the complete Poems, and on every page there will be found poetry of the purest lustre, gems of deep and subtle thought hid in unsuspected places, expression the most delicate—enchanting to ear and mind alike.

But to return to Mr. Harrison: he credibly informs us that "Meredith was a brilliant novelist rather than poet"; and to this profound observation he adds the staggeringly crass remark, "Nature has denied him an ear for music in verse, to which he seems insensible. . . . For all its subtlety and originality, Meredith's verse is unreadable by reason of its intolerable cacophony. I doubt if he ever wrote a piece which would have satisfied Tennyson's infallible sense of harmony." Is it possible to conceive of literary ignorance more blatant, or the critical faculty more perverse, than this passage argues? This of the author of "Love in a Valley"! The fragments quoted in THE ACADEMY a few months ago are alone abundantly sufficient to refute Mr. Harrison by their ethereal, haunting melody.

Mr. Harrison is very dogmatic and very frank. "Let us have done with cliques and schools and fads," he cries openheartedly, "for my part I honour and enjoy them all in turn." This, one would imagine, is rather a damaging admission on the part of the *ex cathedra* critic who so confidently proceeds to "place Tennyson among his peers."

He is so frank that he quotes from himself a sentence in which Keats is described as "an unformed, untrained, neuropathetic youth of genius whose whole achievement came earlier in life than almost any other man recorded in our literature." This probably appears to Mr. Harrison an adequate summing up of the author of the Odes and the Hymn to Pan; his readers may be more inclined to think it a gratuitous disparagement of one who, whether he was a "neuropathetic youth" or not, is one of the chief glories of our literature. Unfortunately the passages I have quoted are by no means peculiar in their obtuse-

ness; and Mr. Harrison closes the article with a comprehensive ban by which in effect all are declared "neuropathetic critics" who venture to disagree with his irrefragable findings.

12, Mayfair Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

G. LOWTHER.

August 17, 1909.

"DEMURE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In the New English Dictionary Sir James Murray gives the following account of the etymology of this word: "A derived or extended form of *meure*, *mure* used in same sense, adopted from O.F. *meur*, now *mûr*, ripe, mature, mellow, also discreet, considerate . . . stayed (Cotgrave, 1611)." The editor adds: "The nature and history of the prefixed *de-* are obscure." But it is quite plain that the word "demure" did once exist in the French form *demeure*, and that this *demeure* is synonymous with, and an extended form of, O.F. *meur* (modern F. *mûr*, Lat. *maturum*), because Palsgrave in 1530 has both forms *meurement* and *demeurement* in the identical sense, "sadly, wisely, soberly," and Caxton in 1483 has in the Golden Legend the form *demeurté*, where the French original has *meurté*. For these two citations see N.E.D. under the words "Demure" and "Demurity." From this evidence it seems probable that the prefix *de-* was added to the French form on English soil. I think that most scholars will agree that this explanation of the word "demure" is perfectly sound and satisfactory. But what can we say of the explanation suggested by your correspondent? It seems to me quite inadmissible. He connects F. *demeure* (E. *demure*) with F. *demeurer* (E. *demur*), and thus hopelessly confuses two French sounds of distinct origin, both written *eu* in the old language, but pronounced quite differently in modern English. He confuses *eu* and *eu*, that is, the *eu* brought about by the loss of an intervocal consonant before Latin long *u*, as F. *seür* (mod. F. *sûr*, E. *sure*), F. *meür* (mod. F. *mûr*, E. *mure*, hence *demure*) with the *eu* representing Latin tonic short *o*, for example, F. *demeurer* (in Middle English *demere*). This *eu* is not represented normally by *u* in English, but is pronounced as the vowel sound in E. *bee*, as we may see in the English words *beef*, *people*, *reprieve*, *retrieve*, *inveigle*.

Wadham College, Oxford.

A. L. MAYHEW.

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